

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## CAROLYN'S SUNNY DISPOSITION BEGINS TO HAVE ITS EFFECT UPON AUNTY ROSE.

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Duvraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunty Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Therefore General Bolivar charged with outspread wings and quivering fan. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey reached the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her.

He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunty Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers.

"Best, you brute!" she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lath and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunty Rose!" gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry."

With a final stroke Aunty Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough.

"Your dog, child, does not know his mamma. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled."

"Oh, Aunty Rose!" begged the little girl, "don't punish Prince! Not—not that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunty Rose—"

"I shall not beat him, Carolyn May," interrupted Aunty Rose. "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Carolyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put broody hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress' face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping tail he stunk into the cage.

With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed.

"It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunty Rose?"

"He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunty Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as ever a dog with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunty Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a dewy sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunty Rose would have released Prince, but, though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap—as she supposed, without awakening her.

"Taking a nap," said Aunty Rose composedly.

"Hum! can't the child get up to her victuals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunty Rose."

"Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Carolyn on you and me, and I'll do my share and do it proper."

Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunty Rose said quickly: "Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you send Tim, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double, I do say."

"Well, I suppose we've got to flatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—"

"Didn't Carolyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunty Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly.

"Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he

started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance."

Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store.

"I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunty Rose when she danced into the kitchen. "You see, I want to get acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously.

"Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, snuggling up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting acquainted with you fast, Aunty Rose! You heard me say my prayers and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me."

Aunty Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child!" she exclaimed. "You're too noticing. Eat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl. "You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed hack drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped.

An old man with a square-cut chin

whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the hack itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer balltwick?" queried Tim, the hackman, staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight.

"I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does."

"Hey!" chuckled the hack driver suddenly. "I meant, do you 'low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunty Rose? Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?"

"Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose."

"Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young'un to board?"

"He's my guardian," said the little girl primly.

Aunty Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of drab silk.

Aunty Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her, I reckon," put in Tim, the hackman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard.

"Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop.

"We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunty Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Princey!" gasped Carolyn May. "I b'lieve he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls.

Suddenly Mr. Jeddiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, polishing the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly.

"Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Duvraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Duvraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Duvraven was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

Carolyn learns why her uncle and Amanda Parlow are now so "mad" that they do not speak as they pass each other by. Read all about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at home" days.

## Coats for All the Day Through



Now that war times make the custom of wearing evening wraps among those that are more honored in the breach than in the observance, we have coats to take their place. Among new ones are some very elegant cloth coats that have been designed to see their wearers through the day and evening, too. They are quiet in color and beautiful in lines—equal to all requirements of dress. Besides these there are very handsome cupes of cloth in distinctive styles that make one question the advisability of ever indulging in more showy wraps.

Two of the handsomest coats are pictured above. The coat at the left is of silvertone—a soft wool material with flecks of white all through it—with collar and deep cuffs of fox. Silvertone appears in taupe, blue, brown, gray—all the season's colors—and the minute white flecks in it give it a silvery look. This coat hangs straight at the back and front without fullness except in the gathered side panels of the skirt portion. It fastens with three very large buttons at the front and silk pendant ornaments are placed at each side of the panels. It is lined with plain satin.

There is a suggestion of a cape in

the graceful coat of smooth duvetyn at the right of the picture. It is in taupe gray, with shawl collar and deep cuffs of martin fur. Three big buttons at the foot of the front panels are the only ornamental feature in this very dignified wrap. The design could hardly be improved upon, and is of the excellent character that never grows tiresome.

### Petticoats Are Narrow.

In tailored suits the narrowness of the skirt has rung the knell of the petticoat, but for thin frocks this most feminine of garments necessarily holds its own. The petticoat must be of the same length as the frock under which it is worn, and it may be made of batiste, fine nainsook, mousseline de sole, tussor or white crepe de chine. They are forcedly narrow, for fashion has decreed the skimpiness of skirts. It is, however, quite permissible to full them slightly, especially if the dress that covers them is slit at the hem to make walking easier. With conservative women delicate hand embroidery will always be the favorite trimming. Imitation lace and fine picot tulle give an effect of greater fluffiness and are much less costly.

## Pretty Things Made of Paper



Every little "jlm-crack" that means an enlivening touch to the house vindicates its appearance these days. For there never was a time when it was more worth while to keep up all the pleasant little amenities of life. Everything that will contribute toward making an atmosphere of cheerfulness in our surroundings is more needed now than in less anxious days. To dress up our homes and keep ourselves well groomed shows the right fighting spirit. At the same time we are reminded to save as much as possible and go on accumulating Thrift stamps and War Saving stamps. Therefore we turn to paper, that costs next to nothing, to make the bits of bright furnishings for our homes and gifts for our friends.

In the illustration above there is a toilet basket for the new baby and a flower basket for the table, both made of paper. The tiny cradle is made of wire and paper rope in very pale gray and lined with rose-colored silk and

fitted up with brush, comb, powder and any other toilet necessities of the newcomer which the giver of the basket concludes to add. There is a bow of gauze ribbon, in pink, fastened to the hood of the cradle. It is not his babyship's fault that the world is warring—nor his mother's—they both are entitled to such pretty little gifts as these that represent time and kindly thoughts, but very little money.

The basket for the table is made of crepe paper over a pasteboard foundation, and has a rustic handle, contrived by winding heavy wire or small sticks or twigs with paper. Any two colors may be used for the flouncings that cover the pasteboard foundation, but brown or green in two shades make the right sort of background for all flowers. Or the basket may be in gayer colors if it is to hold foliage or growing greenery.

Julia Bottomley

**Conservative Shoes for Fall.**  
Conservative colors and sensible cuts, which are almost mannish in their effect, are the features in shoes for women for late fall business. Jobbers report that retailers are now looking for shoes of this sort, not only from the desire to steer clear of doubtful novelties, but because, in the business which they have already done over the counter for fall, there has been comparatively little demand for anything else. Mahogany and dull black calfskins are the most popular in tailored walking boots, while in shoes for more dressy wear black patent leathers and a few shades of gray are selling.

**Pockets Remain.**  
Pockets are a trimming feature that remain in good style in spite of the fact that they are no novelty. Real or seeming pockets, faced or lined with white or colored satin, are used smartly on some of the new models of navy blue serge.

**Smart Tam o' Shanters.**  
Especially for the young girls, the new beaver Tam o' Shanters that are shown in the shops are very smart. They are made of heavy, soft beaver, with puffed, one-sided crowns and a snug-fitting band about the head. They come in black, dark blue and other colors.

## WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 26 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Couldn't Be Worse.  
A young man came in to one of the boards for examination. He was perfect, physically, but his face was homely enough to stop a clock.

"I want to go right after those Huns," he said.

"You're a plucky fellow," said the doctor.

"Well, it ain't pluck exactly," said the boy. "There ain't nothing the Germans can do to me that won't improve my appearance."

**Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured** by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Membrane. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists 7c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

**Letting Well Enough Alone.**  
"I'm thinking," remarked Mr. Dolan, "about changing my plans and going in business as a boss."  
"Don't do it," rejoined Mr. Rafferty. "You're a fine workman and many a boss is goin' broke tryin' to hire and properly compensate your likes."

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Fletch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Dimmed Light.**  
Mrs. Peavish says that before they were married Mr. Peavish used to call her the light of his life, and now he says she can't hold a candle to his sister-in-law.—Dallas Morning News.

**Cuticura Kills Dandruff.**  
Anoint spots of dandruff with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap, if a man; next morning if a woman. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

**Between Girls.**  
Bessie—The idea! Jack never asked me for a kiss in his life.  
Madge—The bold thief!

For genuine comfort and lasting pleasure use Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good grocers. Adv.

## Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected, brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you.

**An Iowa Case**  
Mrs. A. D. Bumgardner, Forest City, Iowa, says: "I suffered untold agony from kidney trouble. It began with backache. I had headaches and was very nervous. My ankles, feet and wrists began to swell and soon I was all run down. I had to take to bed and in three six weeks I tried different remedies, but got no better until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. In a short while, I was able to walk around and was soon entirely relieved of the trouble."  
Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.